DC

AMBUSH BUG YEAR NONE™

2
OF 6
OCT'08

I, AMBER BUTANE OF THE AMBER BUTANE CORPS, SHALL DECIMATE THINE ENEMIES, MASTER, WITH BUT ***ONE CLICK*** OF MY COSMIC TORCH!

ONE CLICK OF...

ONE... CLICK OF...

AWWW...

GEMINI '08

GIFFEN
FLEMING
MILGROM

DCCOMICS.COM

THE SOURCE WALL.
IN ACAPULCO

NOW THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! AS YOU CAN SEE, DC COMICS AND MY LAWYER HAVE THRASHED OUT A NEW COMPENSATION PACKAGE WHICH MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO HOST THIS FINE COMIC BOOK!

HAPPY HOUR

SINCE OUR PREVIOUS ISSUE-HIC!-(EXCUSE ME)-320 YEARS HAVE PASSED.* DURING THAT TIME, AMBUSH BUG RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO JOIN THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA AND WAS SUMMONED TO THEIR SATELLITE HEADQUARTERS.

*IN SOURCE WALL YEARS.-JANN

THE BUG WAS SO NERVOUS THAT HE TOOK ALONG A CHANGE OF UNDERWEAR, JUST IN CASE. WHEN HE ARRIVED, HE WAS WARMLY GREETED BY THE GATHERED MEMBERS. ZATANNA APPROACHED HIM WITH HER HANDS RAISED HIGH, WHICH THE BUG ASSUMED TO BE THE SECRET JLA HANDSHAKE.

BUT THEN ZATANNA'S PALMS BEGAN TO GLOW AND SHE SPOKE TO HIM IN AN OMINOUS TONE. "TEGROF, NIWRI BAWCHS!" SHE SAID. "TEGROF GNIHTYREVE UOY WONK TUOBA EHT ALJ! DNA VLLAICEPSE TEGROF .TAHT UOY DNA I REVE DETAD!"

AMBUSH BUG'S FACE WENT SLACK, AND THEN HE SHOOK HIS HEAD AS IF WAKING FROM A DREAM. "ANNATAZ," HE SAID, "DID UOY WONK TAHT LLA FO EHT GNIRETTEL NI RUOY SNOOLLAB SI SDRAWKCAB?" ZATANNA BURST INTO TEARS AND RAN FROM THE ROOM.

MOM, THAT'S *NOT* WHAT I MEANT BY A "CHISELED PHYSIQUE!"

SO YOU CAN'T GO OVER AND JUST SAY *HELLO* TO HIM?

YOU'RE *TOO PICKY*, IRENE!

NANDA PARBAT, HIDDEN CITY HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS OF TIBET.

THIRTY-SIX HOURS BEFORE THIS BOOK NEEDS TO SHIP TO THE PRINTER.*

I CAN'T BELIEVE THOSE JLA RAT FINKS TRIED TO *MINDWIPE* ME!

LUCKILY IT DIDN'T WORK, ALTHOUGH I'M PRETTY CERTAIN IT'S THEIR FAULT THAT I CAN'T FIND MY CAR KEYS!

*S.F.T.-STANDARD FREELANCER TIME-JANN

THERE SURE ARE A LOT OF *MONKS* AROUND HERE!

MUST BE A *MONASTERY* NEARBY...

I'VE ALSO FORGOTTEN HOW TO *TELEPORT*, WHICH IS A MUCH BIGGER DEAL THAN THE CAR KEYS, PARTICULARLY SINCE I DON'T OWN A CAR.

DEADMAN SAID THERE'D BE AN *ARCHWAY*...

...AND THEN A *FEW STAIRS*...

HOOBOY, I'M NEVER GETTING DIRECTIONS FROM A *CORPSE* AGAIN!

ONE SOURCE WALL YEAR LATER.

PANT! PANT! PLEASE HELP ME, RAMA KUSHNA...

PANT! PANT!... TO REDISCOVER MY *TRUE INNER SELF!*

WHY, I'D *HORSEWHIP* YOU, IF I HAD A HORSE!

HUH?!

HEY, RAMA, WHAT'S WITH THE *GROUCHO NOSE-AND-GLASSES?*

I HAVE DECIDED TO *BECOME* GROUCHO MARX! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF HAVING TO ACT *SERIOUS AND SPIRITUAL* ALL THE TIME!

BUT YOU *CAN'T* BECOME GROUCHO MARX! YOU'RE A *HINDU GODDESS!*

I *RESIGNED* FROM THE HEAVENLY HOST! I DON'T CARE TO BELONG TO ANY CLUB THAT WILL HAVE *ME* AS A MEMBER!

IF YOU WANT TO "FIND YOUR BLISS" AND "EXPLORE YOUR TRUE NATURE," THEN *KNOCK YOURSELF OUT!*

ME, I FIND IT A GREAT DEAL EASIER AND MORE FUN TO JUST PIGGYBACK ON *SOMEBODY ELSE'S* SHTICK!

THOSE ARE MY PRINCIPLES. IF YOU DON'T LIKE THEM, I HAVE *OTHERS.*

SHE LEFT ME WITH ONE MORE THOUGHT, BUT IT WAS A MIND-BLOWER:

FIVE MILLION ELVIS IMPERSONATORS CAN'T BE WRONG!

KEITH GIFFEN, PLOTTER & PENCILLER, WANTS TO BE ROBERT LOREN FLEMING, DIALOGUER, WHO IDOLIZES AL MILGROM, INKER, WHO CHANNELS PAT BROSSEAU, LETTERER, WHO MIMICS GUY MAJOR, COLORIST, WHO WORSHIPS EDITOR- JANN JONES, HINDU GODDESS.

THANKS TO RAMA KUSHNA'S ADVICE, I WAS SOON BACK TO MY OLD SELF, HAPPILY LIVING THROUGH OTHERS...

I'M FINALLY GOING TO PURSUE MY CHILDHOOD DREAM!

CHECK IT OUT, CHEEKS!

I'M 22ND CENTURY CORPORATE EXECUTIVE RICK STARR OF ALLIED SOLAR ENTERPRISES, WHO BECOMES SPACE RANGER AND HAS AMAZING INTERPLANETARY ADVENTURES AS A BOLD NEW HERO OF THE FUTURE!

YOU CAN BE MY ALIEN FRIEND CRYLL!

CRYLL EVENTUALLY GREW UP, AND HE BECAME A MEMBER OF THE AMBER BUTANE CORPS IN UNSEEMLY ADVENTURES #8!

HUH?!

NO, CHEEKS! CRYLL WAS NEVER AN OMAC!

YOU DON'T WANT TO BE CRYLL?

THEN HOW ABOUT RICK'S FATHER THADDEUS STARR...OR RICK'S GIRLFRIEND MYRA MASON?

OH, WELL. YOU PLAY NICE WITH THE OTHER OMACS WHILE DADDY'S AWAY!

FFAASHH

HEY, *WAIT* A MINUTE!

THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ALLIED SOLAR ENTERPRISES!*

*IT'S NOT! -JANN

IS *HE* A FLASH??

PERHAPS WE HAVE MADE AN *ERROR,* FAITHFUL N'NAAG!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "*ERROR*"?

I'M EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS THE FLASH, AND MY HEARING'S *WAY BETTER!*

YOU HAPPEN TO BE ADDRESSING *SPACE RANGER,* BOLD NEW HERO OF THE FUTURE!

AND YOU MAY CALL ME *HORSEFACE.*

REALLY? AND YOU WON'T *MIND?*

YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT HERE TO PLANET SAVOTH TO ASSIST US IN OUR *HOUR OF NEED.*

WELL, *THAT'S* GOOD TO HEAR, BECAUSE AN HOUR'S ALL THE TIME I CAN SPARE!

SO...WHAT'S THE *TROUBLE* AT THE OLD CORRAL, HORSEFACE?

CAN YOU... RUN *REALLY* FAST, SPACE RANGER?

BECAUSE WE ARE USED TO BEING AIDED MOSTLY BY *FLASH TYPES.*

IN SOME CASES, THEY HAVE BECOME LIKE *FAMILY* TO US!

UH... RIGHT.

TH-THAT *CREWCUT!*

DON'T *DAWDLE,* BARRY!

THIS IS THE BATHROOM...WE JUST *REMODELED* IT.

HERE'S THE MASTER BEDROOM. THAT'S ALL *MAHOGANY* AND THE DRESSING TABLE IS *TEAK.*

AND THIS IS WHERE I SPEND MOST OF MY TIME, MY *WORKSHOP-SLASH-RECREATION AREA.*

WE WENT FOR THE *32-FOOT HI-DEF SCREEN,* GREAT FOR LETTERBOXED FILMS OR WATCHING THE BIG GAME!

SWEET!

THE ONE THING THAT PUZZLES ME IS HOW WE MANAGED TO TELEPORT YOU HERE, SPACE RANGER, WITHOUT THE FLASH'S *"HOMING DEVICE."*

IS IT SMALL AND METALLIC AND SHAPED LIKE A *LIGHTNING BOLT?*

WHY, YES!

THEN I'VE GOT IT, BUT I MAY NEED A DAY OR TWO TO...UHH...*PRODUCE* IT.

LOOK! THE *MAUVE LANTERN* APPROACHES!

STAMPEDE FOR YOUR *LIVES!!* THE MAUVE LANTERN IS HERE!

HOOVES, DON'T FAIL ME NOW!!

HMM. I SEEM TO REMEMBER ASKING YOU PEOPLE TO CALL ME BY THE NAME PASSED DOWN TO ME BY MY *NOBLE FAMILY--*

--DON GAYE APPAREL!

FORGIVE US, YOUR WORSHIP!

WOW, LOOK AT HORSEFACE GO!
AND ON A *MUDDY TRACK,* NO LESS!
NOW'S YOUR *CHANCE,* WONDER CHICK!
MY NAME BE *ZOOK!*
SURE, WONDER CHICK, I CAN DIG THAT, BUT IF YOU GROOVE TO THE BEAT OF GO-GO CHEX'S EVER-LOVIN' *MASTER PLAN,* THEN--
ME DO IT IF YOU *SHUT YOUR TRAP!*
BOB-BAH-LOOOOOO!
BOB-BAH-LOOOOOO!
WHERE'VE I *HEARD* THAT BEFORE?
SO FAMILIAR...
ZOOK SAVE UNIVERSE, BE *BIG HERO!*
I'LL STAY HERE COOLING MY HEELS WHILE YOU GO AND HAVE A *BLAST,* WONDER CHICK!
RICKY RICARDO, RIGHT?
FROM "*I LOVE LUCY*"?
MY NAME IS *DON GAYE APPAREL...*
...BUT YES, I HAVE ALWAYS WISHED TO BE THIS RICKY RICARDO YOU SPEAK OF, WITH *EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING!*
BUT NOW MY MASTER, *MR. NEBULA,* ARRIVES IN ANSWER TO MY SUMMONS!
SO..IXNAY ON THE ICARDO-RAY WITH EBULA-NAY!

I BROUGHT--

--Swaaa-tchezz!

BEIGE IS THE NEW PINK, PEOPLE, SO GET READY TO *REMODEL THOSE BATHROOMS* ONCE AGAIN!

TEAK AND MAHOGANY ARE *YESTERDAY'S* WOODS! SAY HELLO TO YOUR NEW FRIEND, *KNOTTY PINE!*

AND MAUVE LANTERN? YOU'VE GOT SOME *'SPLAININ'* TO DO!

AY *CARAMBA!*

WHO MADE THIS *BIG PANTYWAIST* THE ULTIMATE ARBITER OF PUBLIC TASTE?

AND DO YOU THINK HE COULD GET ME A *WHOLESALE RATE* ON THAT KNOTTY PINE?

DEATH TO INFIDEL!!

EGADS, IT'S *ZOOK!*

WHAT'S HE THINK HE'S *DOING?*

IT IS MERELY ANOTHER SUICIDE ATTACK AGAINST MY MASTER BY THE *GREEN MOVEMENT!*

THE *GREEN* MOVEMENT?

GREEN WAS THE *OLD PINK.*

ZOOK *DESPISE* NEW CHICHI BREAKFAST NOOK!

ME RATHER *DIE* THAN EAT IN THERE ONE MORE--

ZOOM!

WOW, THIS TIME IT REALLY *WAS* PERSONAL!

HE WAS ONE *DISSATISFIED* CUSTOMER!

YES, HE MADE QUITE A *STINK!*

THAT CARPETING HAS GOT TO GO, AND THOSE DRAPES ARE *ALL WRONG!*

QUIT *FLAILING AROUND SCREAMING* AND TRY TO DEMONSTRATE A LITTLE DISCERNMENT!

HEY, MR. *NEBULA!*

CAN YOU *PAUSE* FOR A MOMENT FOR JUST ONE QUESTION?

ZZZZZAK

I *SAID,* CAN YOU--

--PAWS?

I KNEW WE WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF WITH A FLASH!

HORSEFACE? IS THAT YOU??

TRAMPLE HIM, BOYS!

NOW, LET'S GALLOP OUT DOUBLE-TIME!

WE HAVE TO CHOOSE A NEW PATTERN FOR OUR TROUGHS AND REDECORATE THE STALLS!

PONY UP STABLES "BIG BUCKS FOR YOUR LITTLE ONES"

BPOE

BROTHER MK I.

A SEMI-AUTONOMOUS AI SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM.

CLONK!

BATMAN HASN'T ADMITTED IT, BUT HE ONLY INVENTED THIS THING TO SEARCH FOR MORE ROBINS.

SOON THE MACHINE BECAME JEALOUS AND STARTED TO RANDOMLY PICK OUT INNOCENT INDIVIDUALS AND THEN TO THROW THEM INTO LIFE-THREATENING SITUATIONS, JUST LIKE ITS CREATOR.

IT CALLED ITS ROBINS OMACS.

WUMP

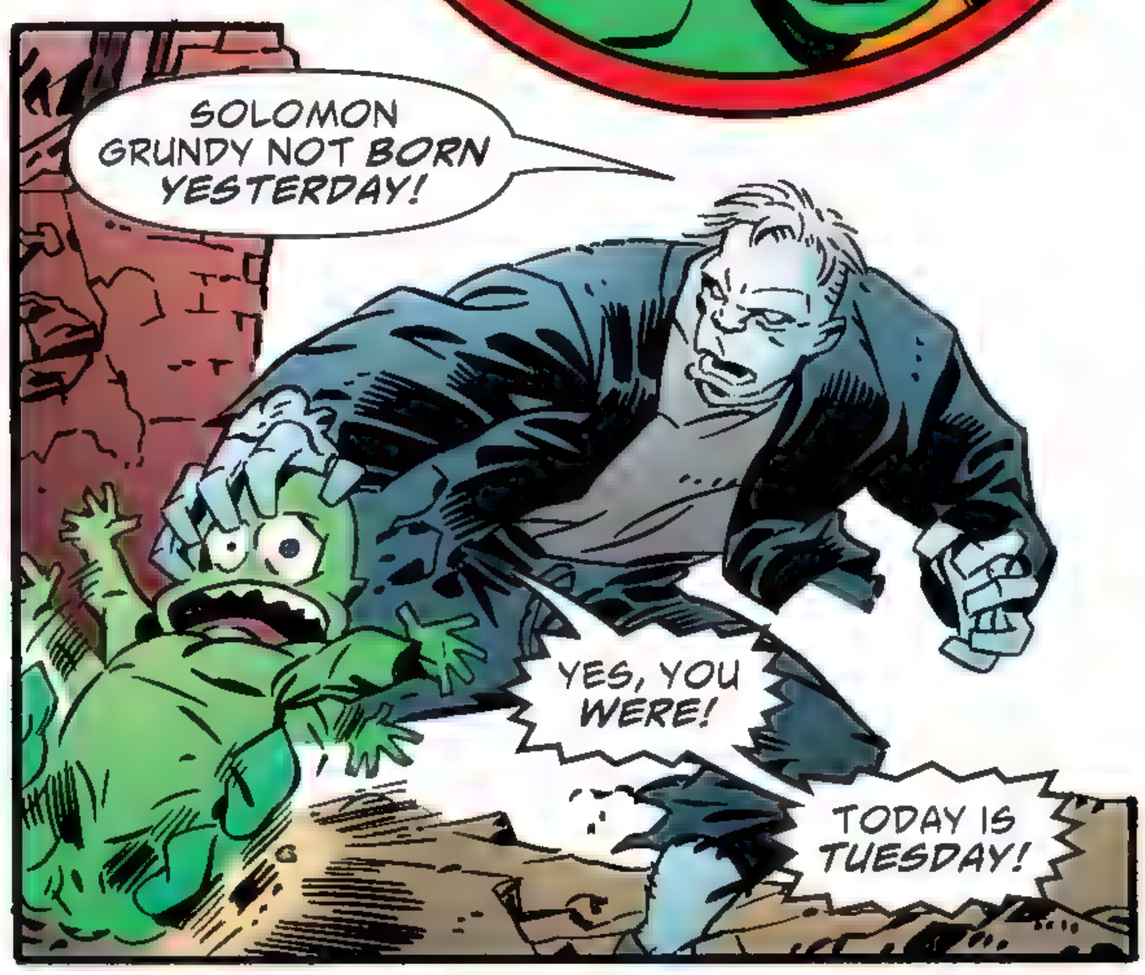
AND JUST LIKE ROBINS, OMACS ARE OFTEN ILL-FATED.

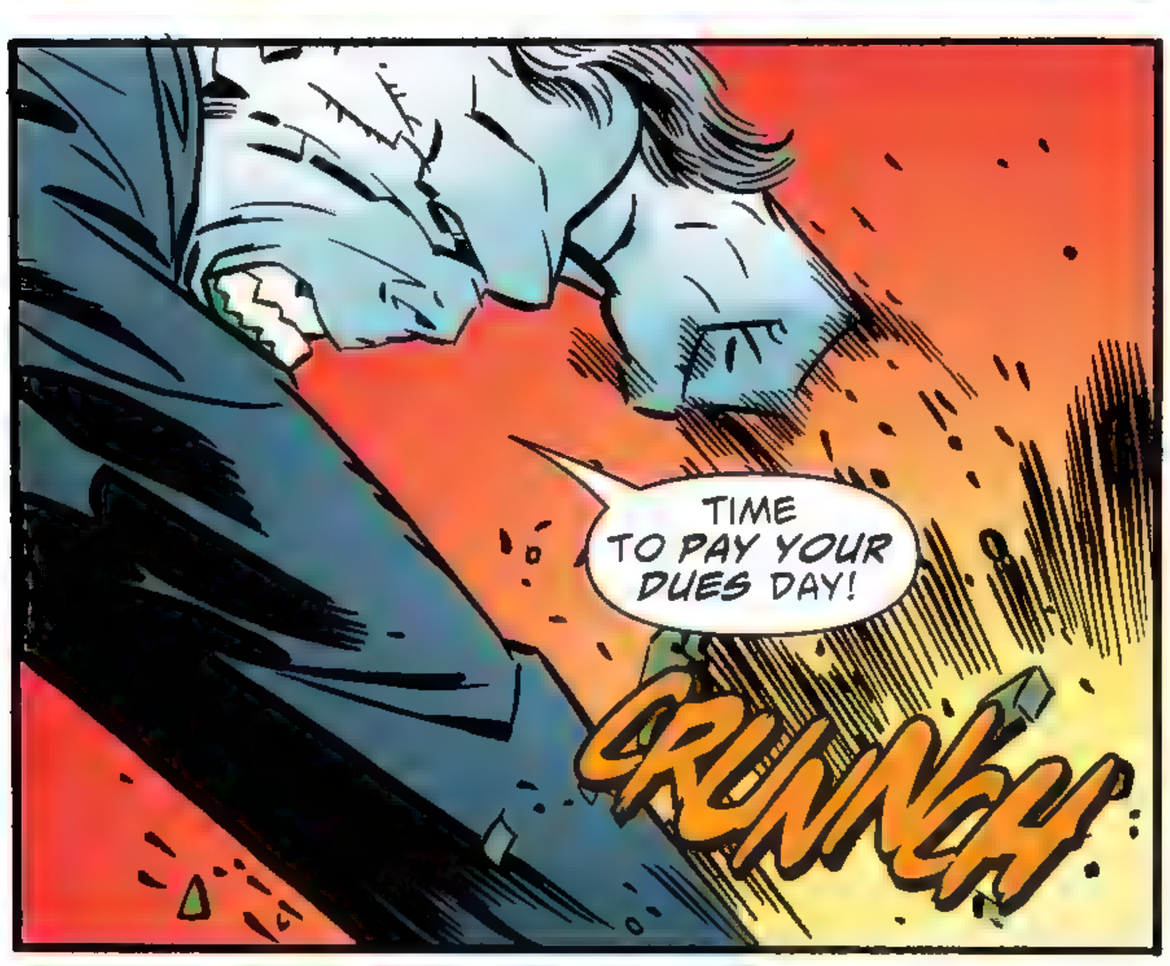
BUT AS BATMAN ALWAYS SAYS WHEN NO ONE'S AROUND: "YOU CAN'T MAKE ROBINS WITHOUT BREAKING A FEW EGGS!"

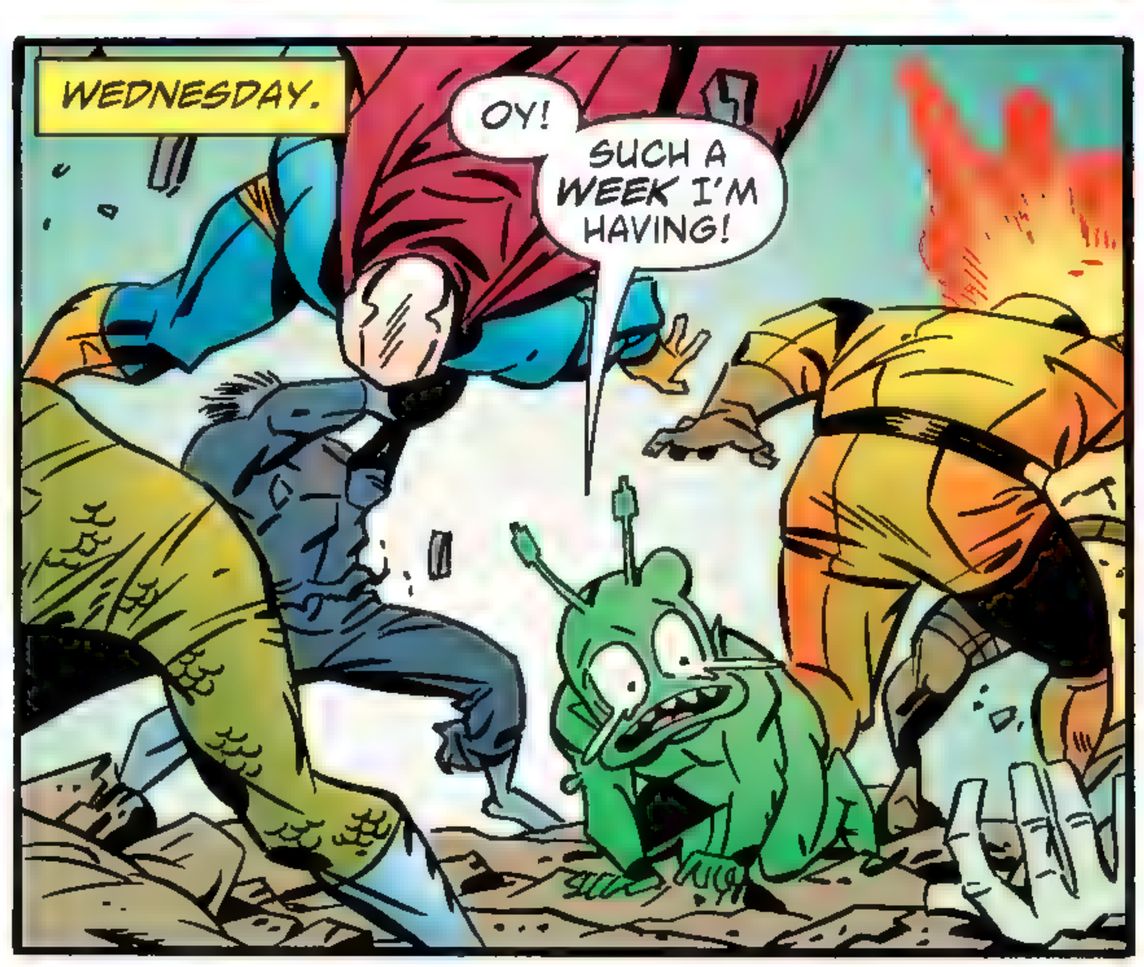
I Remain,
Your Omniscient
Narrator

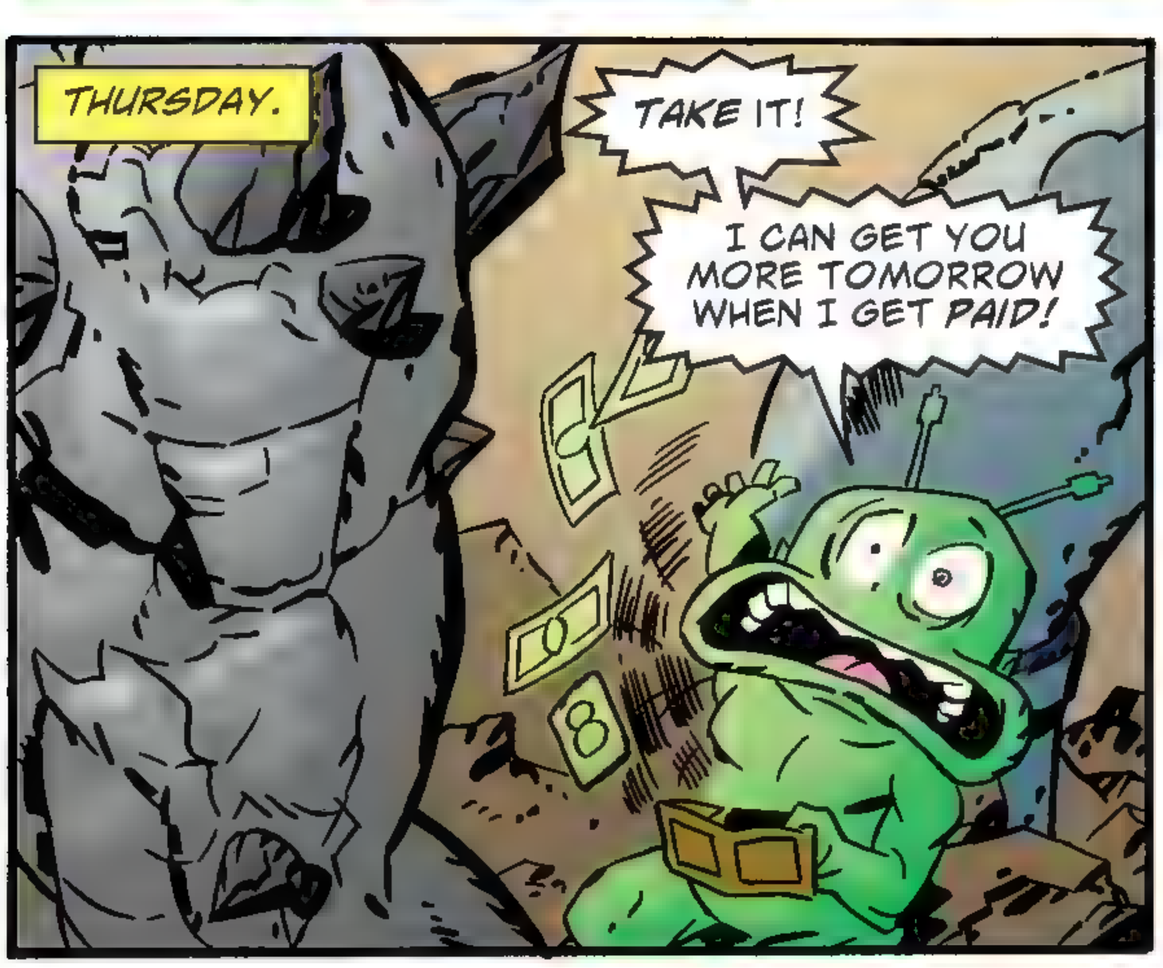
p.s.: Got a yen for manga, Reader? Then please to enjoy honorable Mitsu Bishi, venerated Ambush Bug of Japan!

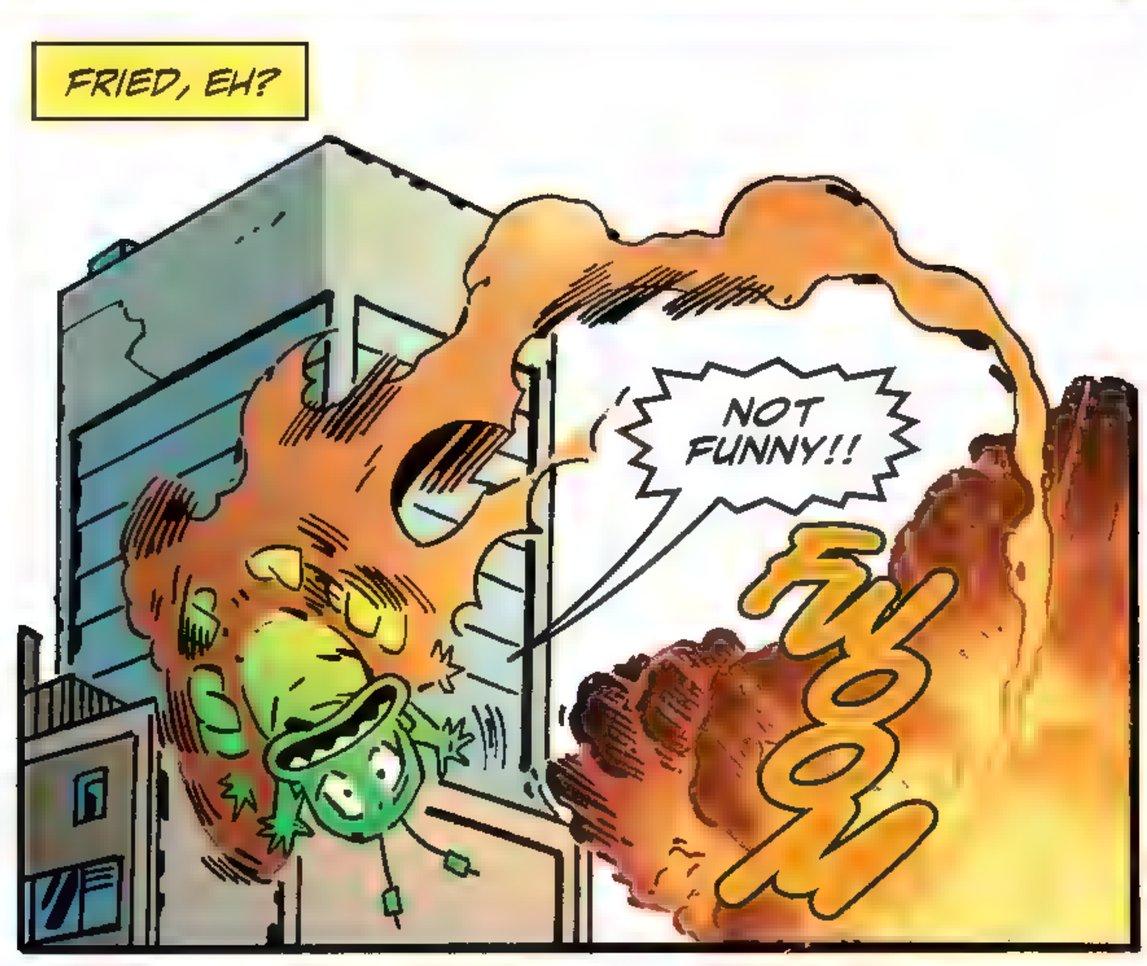
MITSU BISHI'S HELP MURDER POLICE SUPER FUN ACTION TIME!!











ER, SORRY! I DIDN'T NOTICE THAT *RUPTURED GAS MAIN!*

AHEM! AHH-HEM!

IN BRIGHTEST *DAY,* IN BLACKEST *NIGHT...*

WHENEVER SOMEONE NEEDS A *LIGHT...*

THE PARASITIC SOCK PUPPETS OF PLUTO.

HE'S RECITING THAT DAMNED *AMBER BUTANE OATH* AGAIN!

HE'S *HALLUCINATING!*

ZAP HIM WITH *MORE JUICE!*

BEWARE MY--

ARRRGH!!

Y-YOU CAN'T *BREAK* ME!

DO YOUR *WORST,* YOU FIENDS!

OH, GOODY GOODY GOODY! OUR *WORST!*

NO...NOT *THAT!*

OH, *YES!*

IF *ANYTHING* CAN LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE, AND YOUR OTHER PARTS, THEN IT'S *ZE FRENCH CANCAN,* OUI?

THREE DAYS LATER.

MON DIEU!

ZUT ALORS!

SACRE BLEU!

I'VE LOST ALL *FEELING...*

GASP! GASP!

...IN *BOTH* OF MY CANS!

KRAAASH

HE'S SUMMONED THE *LIGHTER!*

AT *LAST!*

TRIGGER THE *SONIC DISRUPTOR!*

SNIFF SNIFF

DOES ANYONE ELSE SMELL *GAS?*

ABORT! ABORT!

THAT EXPLOSION AT THE BOTTOM OF PAGE 11 *CRACKED* THE CENTRAL FUEL TANK!

CH-KK!

CH-KK

CH-KK!

CH-

WHERE... *WERE* YOU...?

SENT YOU TO RECHARGE... MORE THAN A *WEEK* AGOOOOOOO

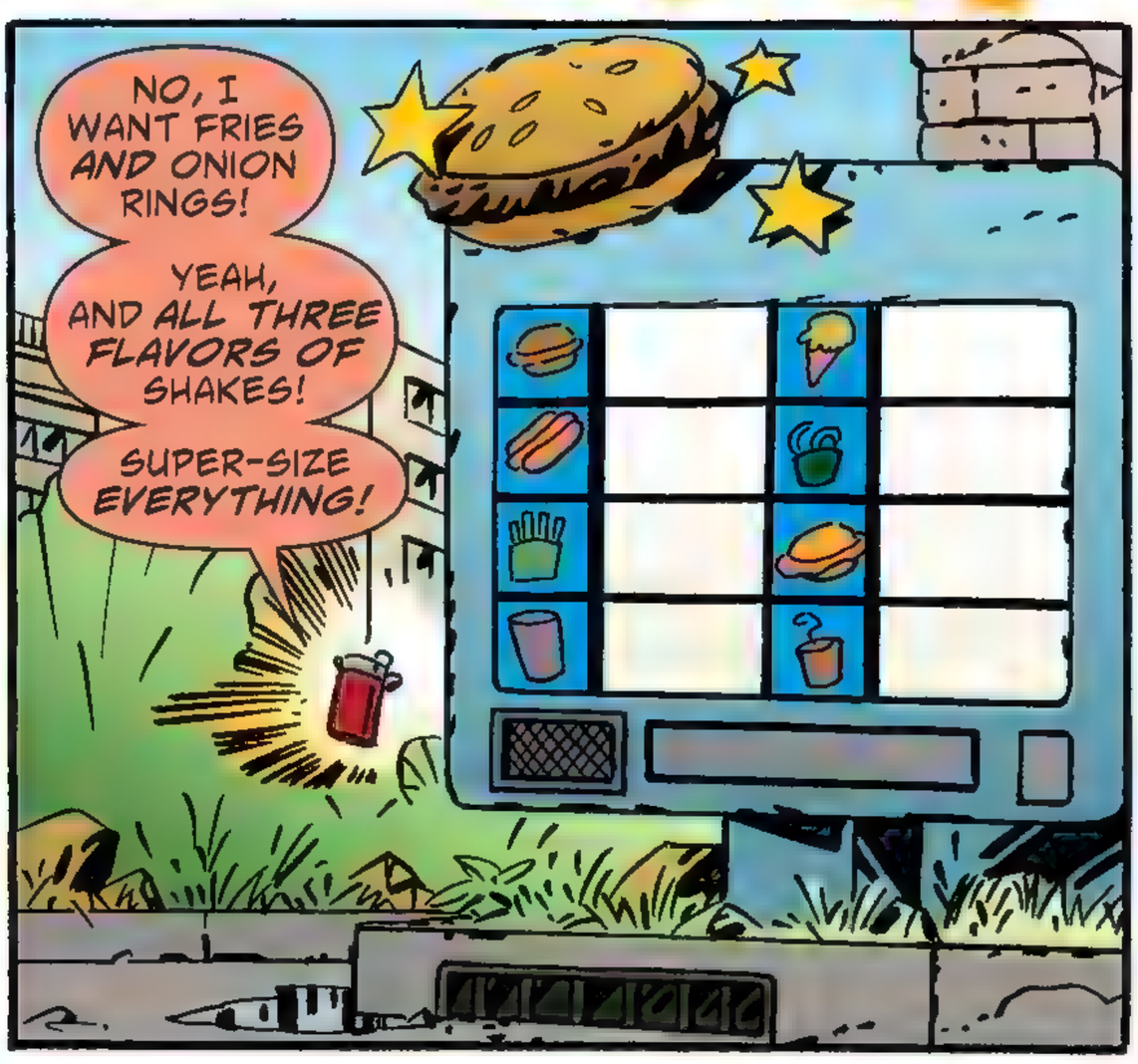
HE HAD EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR. HE WAS TWO DAYS FROM RETIREMENT, HIS WIFE WAS PREGNANT, AND HE HAD WON THE LOTTO JACKPOT SEVEN DAYS EARLIER...

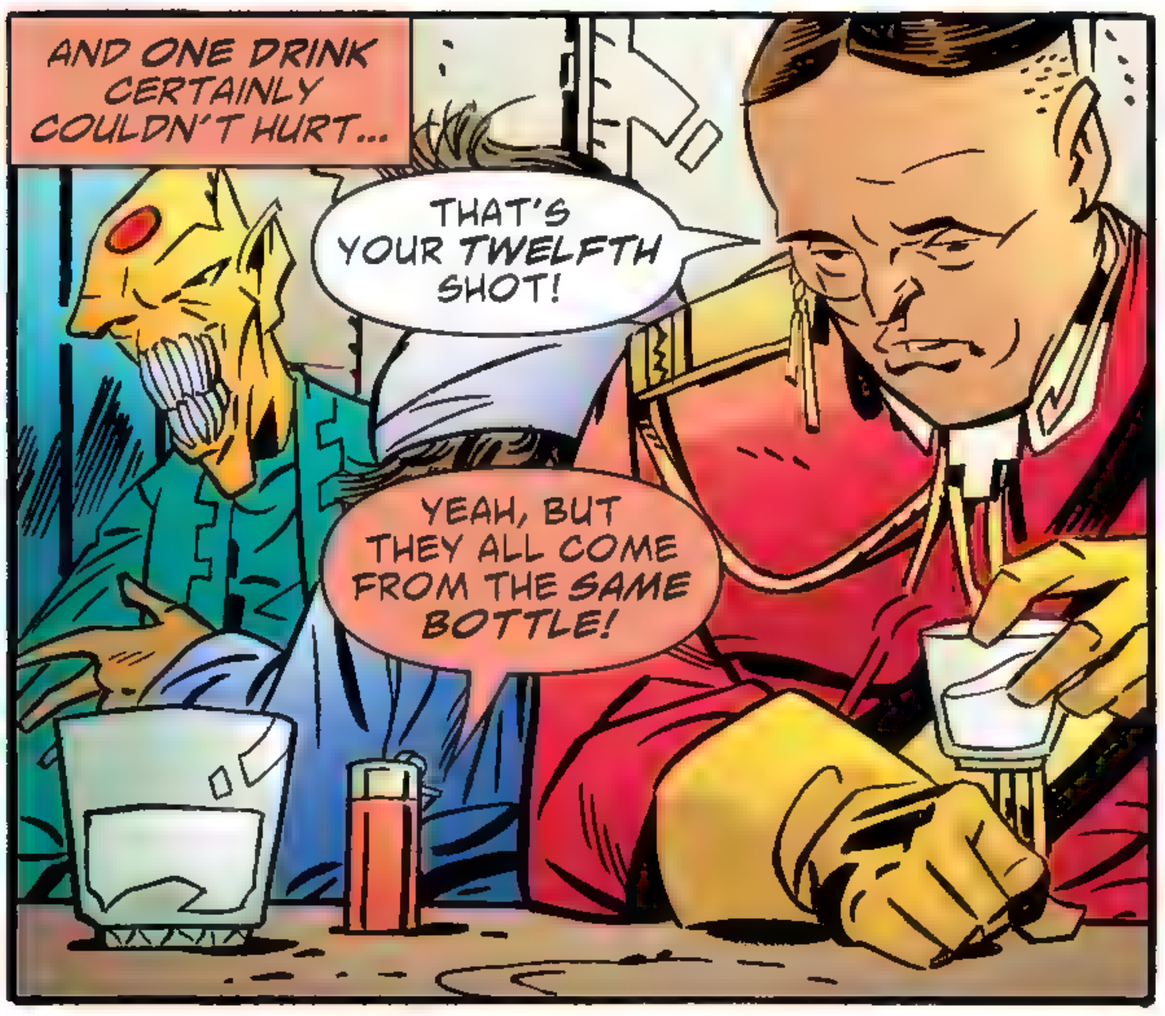
WHAM

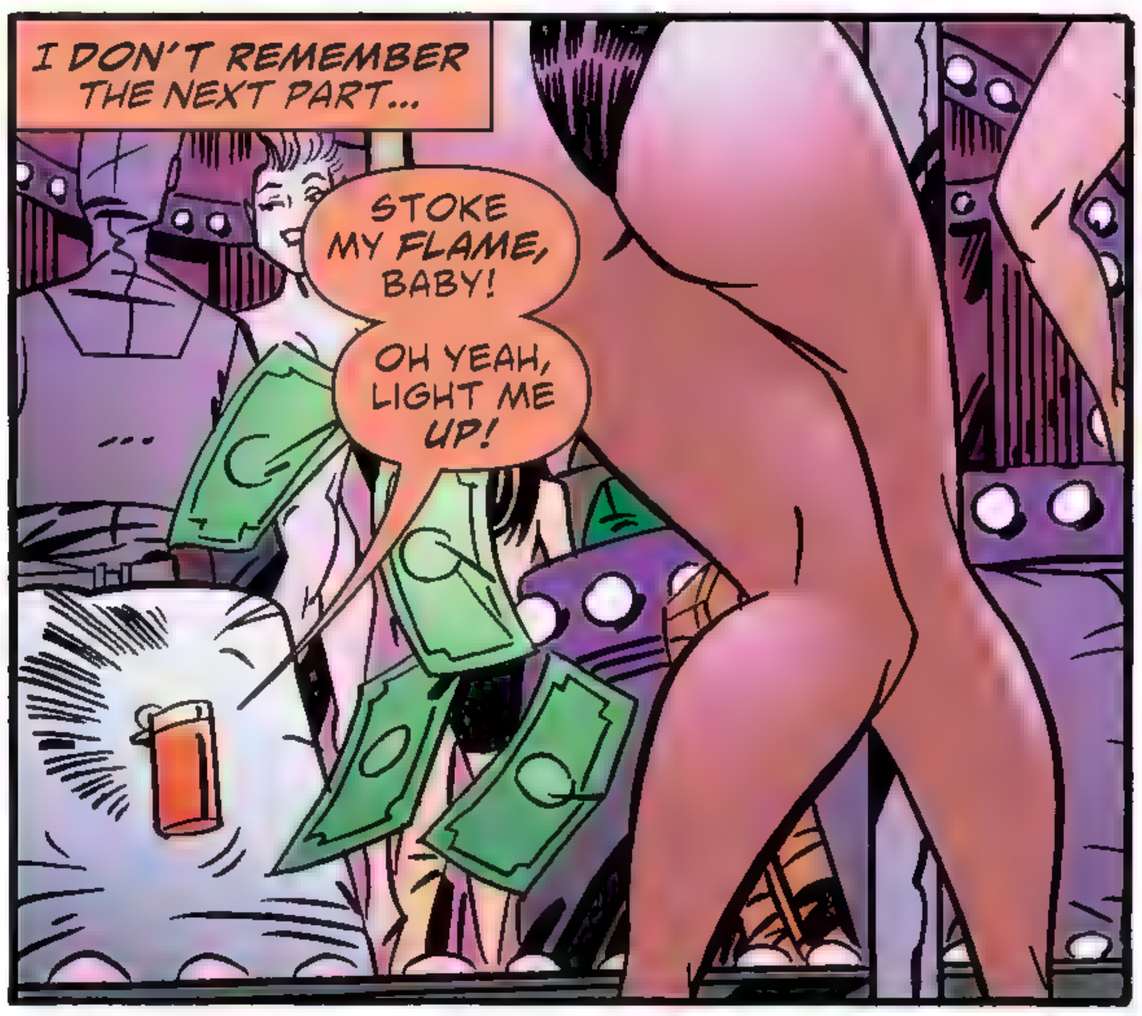
AND THAT, IN A SENSE, IS WHAT LED TO MY PARTNER'S UNTIMELY DEATH...

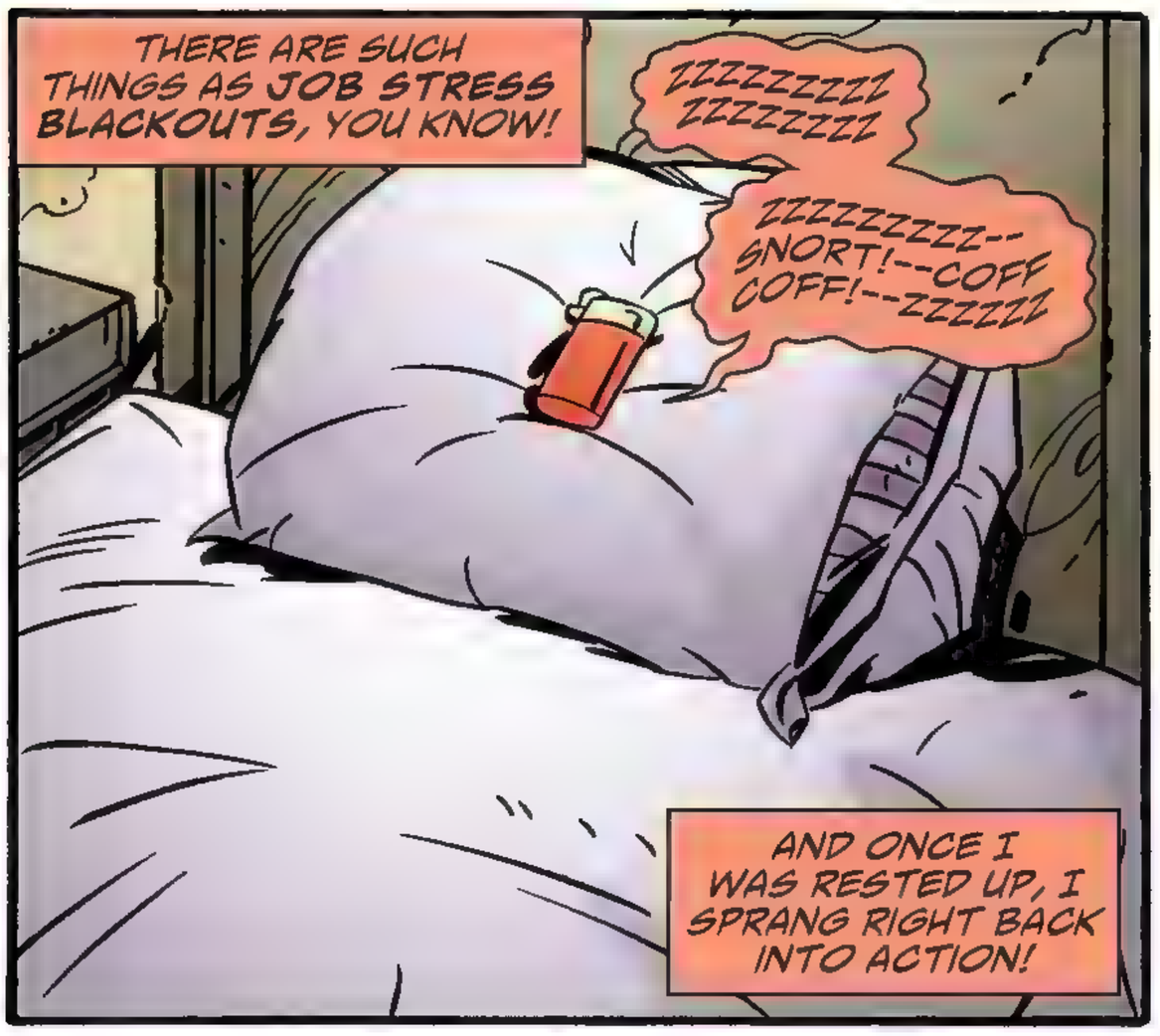
GEE SOMEWHAT TRUE HOLLYWOOD STORY: AMBER BUTANE, THE LIGHT THAT FAILED!

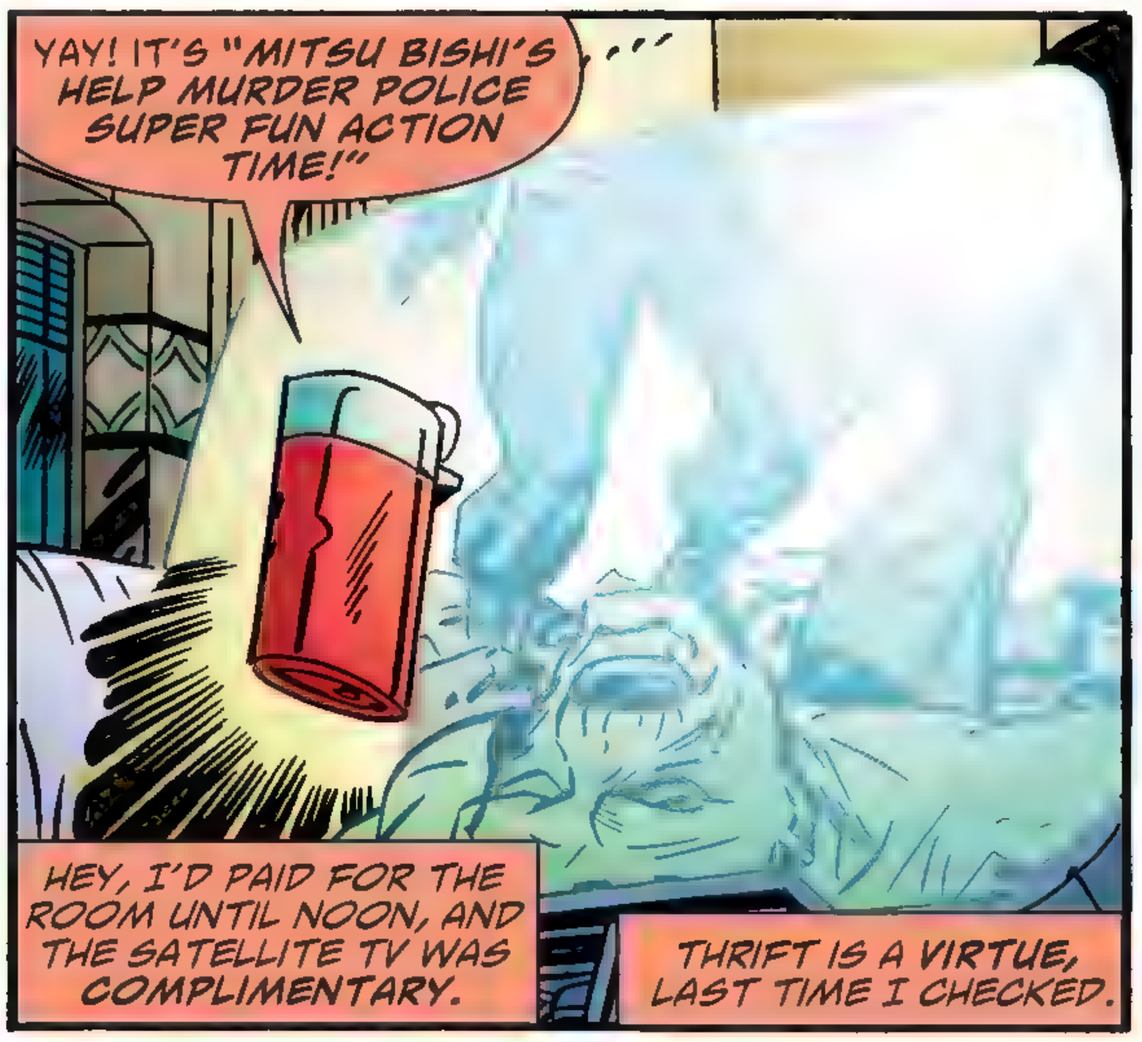
EVEN AS I SPED TOWARD THE VEGAS SYSTEM ON MY URGENT MISSION TO RECHARGE, I PICKED UP THE RADIO SIGNAL ALERTING ME TO OUR LOTTO WIN!
WHO CAN BLAME ME FOR TAKING A MINUTE TO CELEBRATE?








THERE ARE SUCH THINGS AS JOB STRESS BLACKOUTS, YOU KNOW!
ZZZZZZZZZ ZZZZZZZZ
ZZZZZZZZZ-- SNORT!--COFF COFF!--ZZZZZZ
AND ONCE I WAS RESTED UP, I SPRANG RIGHT BACK INTO ACTION!


YAY! IT'S "MITSU BISHI'S HELP MURDER POLICE SUPER FUN ACTION TIME!"
HEY, I'D PAID FOR THE ROOM UNTIL NOON, AND THE SATELLITE TV WAS COMPLIMENTARY.
THRIFT IS A VIRTUE, LAST TIME I CHECKED.

MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE FOURTH WORLD.

CHEEKS?

HELLO?

DID YOU *PLAY NICE* WITH THE OTHER OMACS LIKE DADDY TOLD YOU?

APPARENTLY NOT.

SIGH!

THERE GOES ANOTHER APARTMENT, PLUS ALL OF THOSE GREAT *SUPERMAN MEMENTOES* I STOLE FROM JIMMY OLSEN!

I SHOULD BE LIVING IN CUSHY SPLENDOR ON THE JLA SATELLITE RIGHT NOW!

INSTEAD, I'M HOMELESS AND STILL HURTING FROM THAT *HAZING RITUAL* WITH THE FLASH'S HOMING DEVICE!

AND ALONG WITH MY ABILITY TO TELEPORT, ALL OF MY *MEMORIES* ARE FINALLY RETURNING!

KICK ME

LOOK AT ME!

I'M *HUMILIATED* EVERYWHERE I GO!

ME, TOO!

NOW I'M A *RUNNING GAG!*

THIS ABSOLUTELY *CUTS* IT!

IF IT'S A *BEAR* THEY WANT, THEN IT'S A BEAR THEY'RE GONNA *GET!!*

UNSEEMLY ADVENTURES

STARRING

ANGRYISH BEAR

RRRAAHRR, GO-GO CHEX!

COOL IT, WONDER CHICK!

YOUR *SQUARESVILLE* CHUMS ARE *SWIMMING* IN MY SOUPED-UP *SHAKEMASTER!*

ONE STEP CLOSER AND I'M MAKING *MAULTEDS!*

GRAB TWO STRAWS FOR *US*, BOSS!

DIBS ON THE *CHERRY!*

RRRAAHRR, CHEESEBURGER BOY!

MUNCH MUNCH

I'M, LIKE, REAL GONE, GENTS!

THAT CRAZY MIXED-UP BEAR IS ONE FURRY FREAKED-OUT DOWNER!

RRRAAHRR!

GULP! IF I'M HIP TO HIS JIVE, HE JUST SAID "GIVE ME SOME SKIN!"

AND THE CAT MEANS IT, LIKE, LITERALLY!

TOO BAD FOR BOO-BOO THAT THE CHECKERED ONE THINKS SEVERAL SQUARES AHEAD OF HIS UN-ROUND OPPONENTS!

YUK!

RRRAAHRR, GO-GO CHEX!

IT'S BEEN REAL, WONDER CHICK, BUT IT'S HIGH TIME I SPLIT THIS SCENE!

DNG!

HUH?!

RRRAAHRR, PIC-A-NIC BASKET?

WHILE I BITTERLY RESENT THE CARTOONISH STEREOTYPING OF MY SPECIES, IT WOULD BE FOOLHARDY TO PASS UP COMFORT FOOD AFTER THE DAY I'VE HAD!

AND WHEN I'M DONE HERE, I'LL TREAT MYSELF TO A NICE DEFECATION IN THE WOODS!

MUNCH MUNCH

AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER PULSE-POUNDING PEEK INTO THE PRIVATE PAGES OF...

YOU CUT ME TO THE QUICK, BEETLE!
I THOUGHT THAT I, BOOSTER GOLD, WAS YOUR BOSOM CHUM!
YOU'RE OUTTA HERE, BOOSTER!
FROM NOW ON, I ONLY HANG WITH MY MAIN MAN AMBUSH BUG!

EEE OOO EEE OOO EEE OOO
BOY, IS BLUE BEETLE GONNA BE SURPRISED!
I FOLLOWED HIM TO THIS SECRET LAB IN THE SWISS ALPS...
...AND I'M PRETTY SURE THAT NO ONE NOTICED THOSE SECURITY ALARMS I ACCIDENTALLY TRIPPED!

AFTER WE'RE DONE HERE, MAYBE WE CAN RENT A CHALET AND DO SOME *SKIING!*

ALL I WANT IS TO PUT *EARTH'S* DESTINY IN THE *HANDS OF HUMANS,* NOT PEOPLE *PRETENDING* TO BE *HUMAN,* TED.

IN THE HANDS OF PEOPLE LIKE *ME*...AND PEOPLE LIKE YOU.

YOU WANT ME TO *JOIN* YOU? THAT'S *WHY* YOU'RE TELLING ME ALL OF THIS?

JOIN ME OR *DIE* TIME, IS THAT IT?

THAT'S IT *EXACTLY.*

ROT IN *HELL,* MAX.

BEETLE, I'M YOUR *BIGGEST FAN,* AND I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WOULD SIGN MY *AUTOGRAPH B--*

!

BLAMM

COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

NOT IN FRONT OF THE *CHILDREN!!*

--OOK.

IT'S *SHOCKING* WHAT'S ALLOWED IN COMIC BOOKS TODAY!

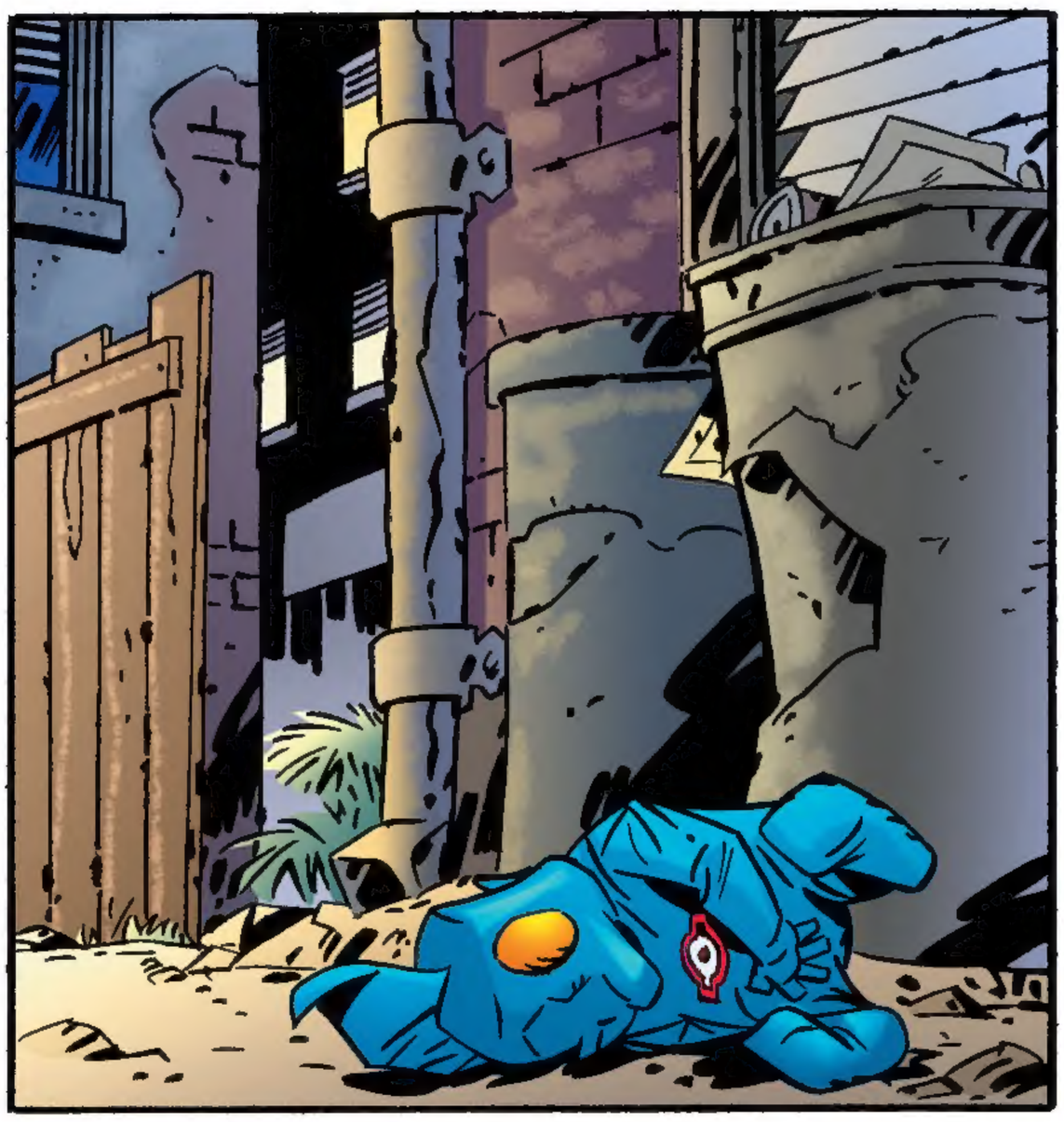
VIOLENCE, GRATUITOUS *NUDITY,* CHARACTERS *DRINKING* ALCOHOL IN BARS...

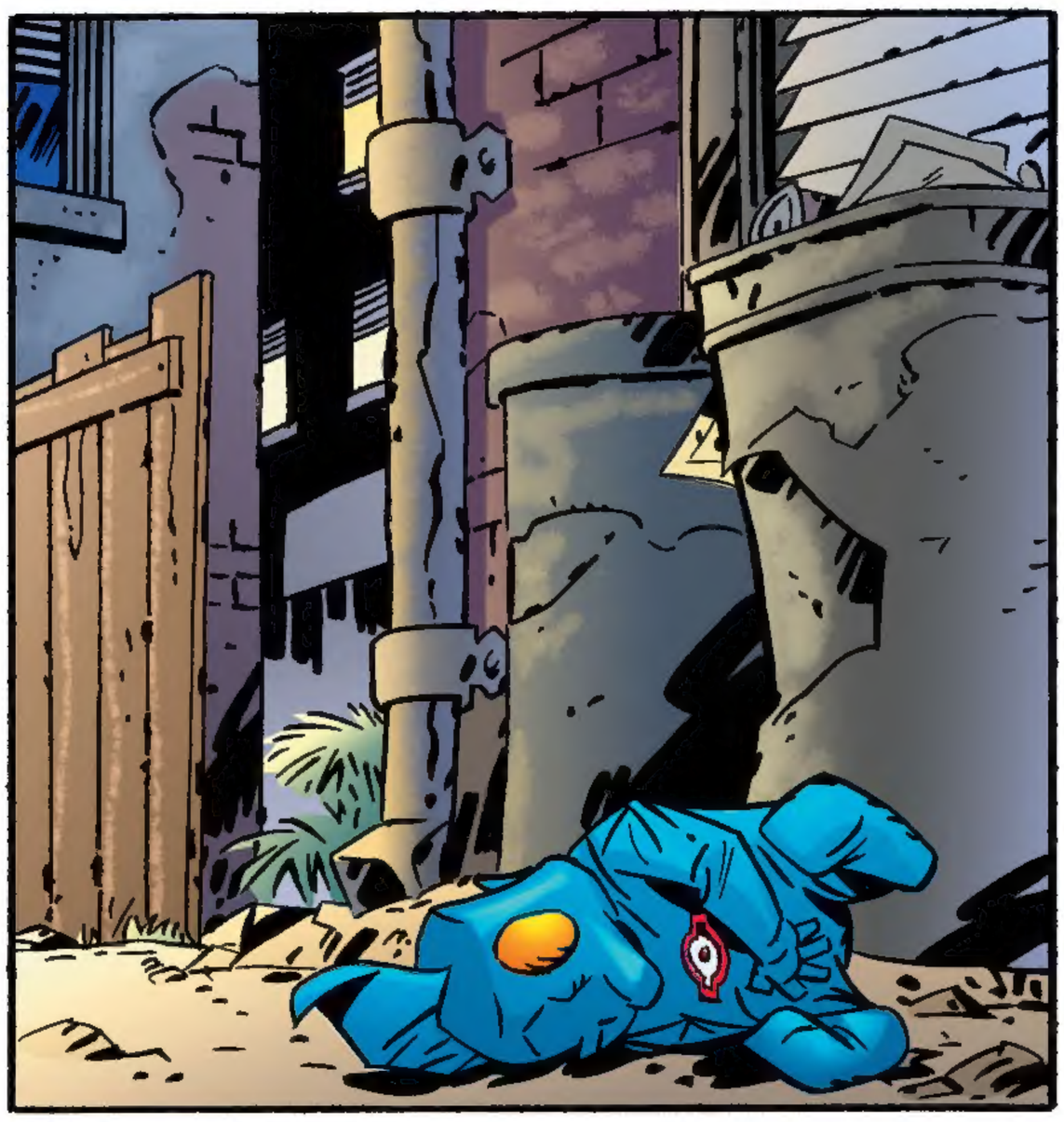
POP!

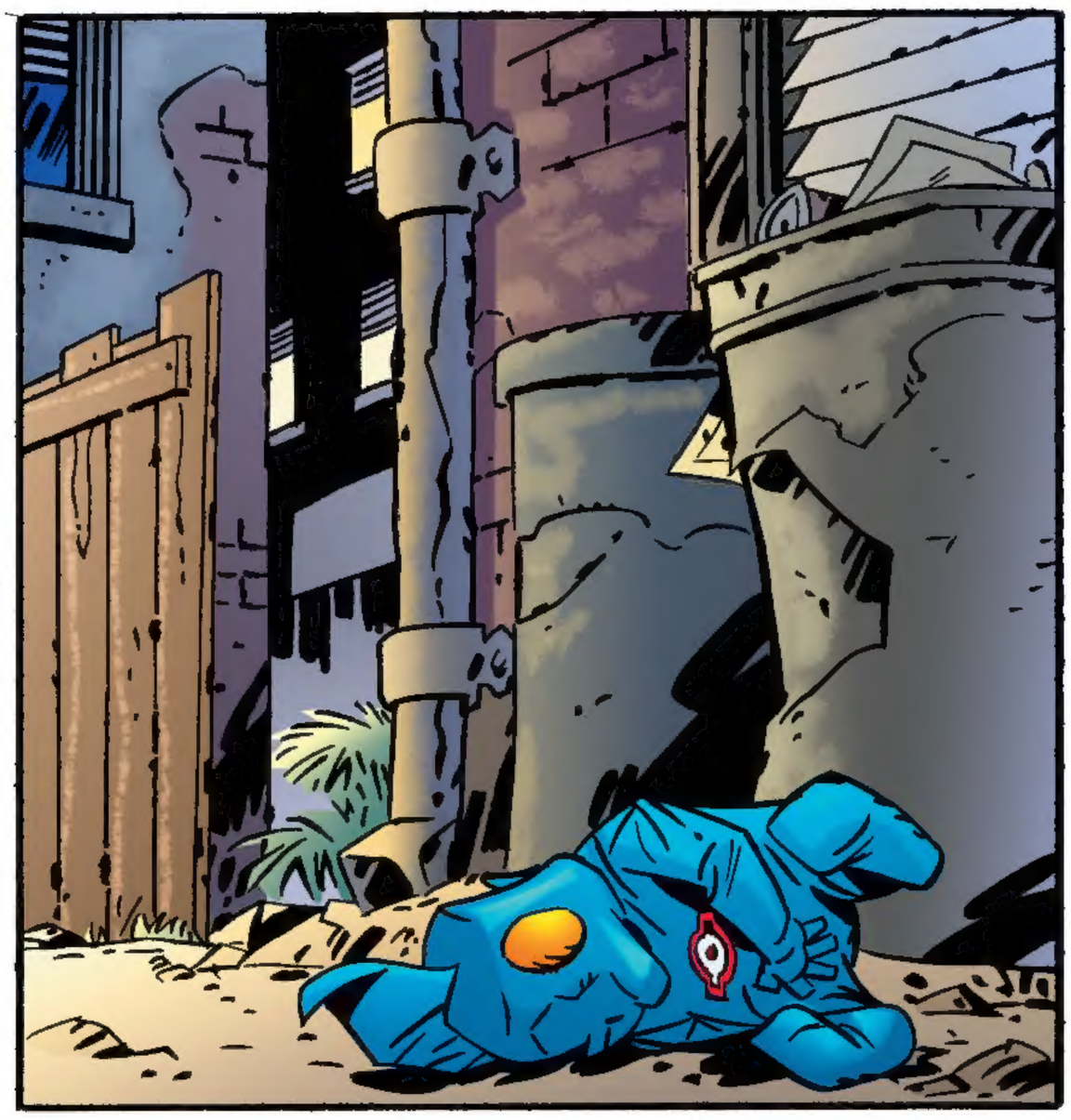
THE *USUAL,* HARRY.

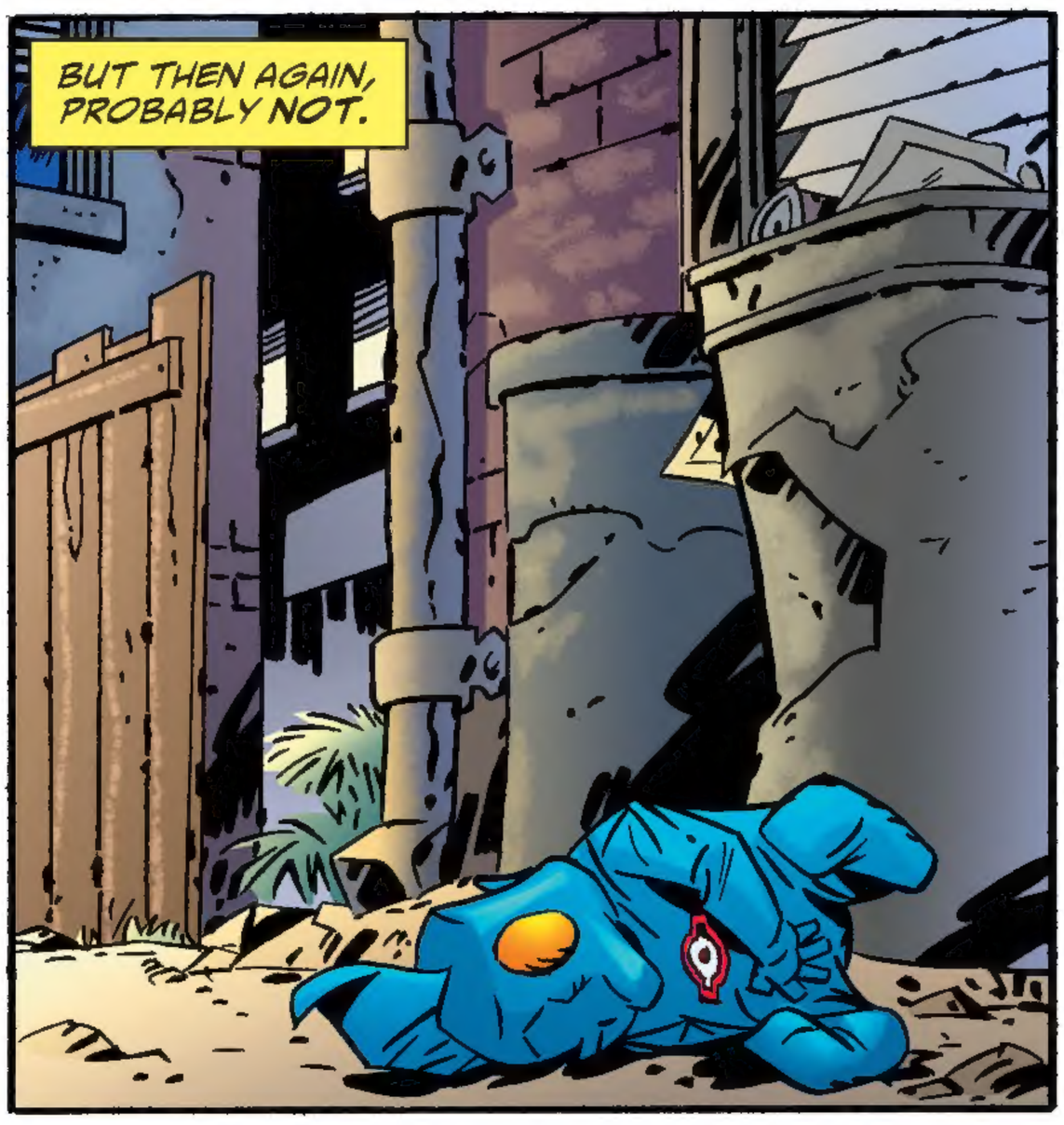
COMICS CODE AUTHOR

IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN (I CORINTHIANS 13:11) THAT "A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."









WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
YA GOT ME!
POOR LITTLE KID LOOKS KINDA FAMILIAR, THOUGH...
WHATEVER.
DO YOU WANT TO SHARE AN ORDER OF ONION RINGS?

AND IN THE OFFICE OF AMBUSH BUG EDITOR JANN JONES*...

AM I CRAZY OR DID BOUNCING BOY'S *TUMMY* JUST RUMBLE?

*THAT'S ME!-JANN

AH-HAH!!

EEEEK!

PLEASE TO *HIDE ME*, KIND LADY!

MONSTERS *ATTACK* MY HUMBLE SELF!

OF *COURSE* THEY DO!

GOOD STORIES REQUIRE *CONFLICT*, YOU LITTLE TWERP!

I CAN *FIX* THIS!

I'M IN *CHARGE* HERE!

A *PROACTIVE* EDITOR WITH A CREATIVE APPROACH TO *PROBLEM-SOLVING!*

PLEASE

PLEASE

PLEASE

HEY, *DEATHSTROKE!*

THERE'S A GUY IN HERE WHO'S GETTING *YOUR* MINISERIES SLOT-- IF HE LIVES LONG ENOUGH!

I'M *GOOD.*

DEVIOUS, BUT GOOD.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

RATATATATAT

KABOOM

BOB-BAH-LOOOOOO!

BOB-BAH-LOOOOOO!

AW, NUTS!

THERE'S NEVER A COSMIC INTERIOR DECORATOR AROUND WHEN YOU *NEED* ONE!

SCLWAB

YOWTCH!

I WISH CARDBOARD WAS *YESTERDAY'S* FLOORING MATERIAL, AND THAT I COULD MEET MY NEW FRIEND, *PLUSH CARPETING!*

BLECCH!

I'VE HAD A *WEIRD TASTE* IN MY MOUTH EVER SINCE I ATE THAT *CHEESEBURGER GUY!*

THAT SODA FOUNTAIN DIDN'T LOOK TOO CLEAN, AND THEY NEVER EVEN ASKED ME IF I WANTED *FRIES!*

I'M GONNA PLAY IT SAFE AND PREPARE MY *OWN* FOOD FROM NOW ON!

AND I'LL STAY OUT OF TROUBLE BY STEERING *WELL CLEAR* OF ALL OF THOSE SUPER-HEROES!

HERE, FISHY!

FISHY, FISHY, FISHY.

NEXT ISSUE, **BUG SMASH--**

--WORLD'S RECORD FOR EATING *JALAPEÑO PEPPERS!*

ALSO, BUG BREAK *LAND SPEED RECORD* GETTING TO TOILET!